

P O E M S

BY THE

REV. THOMAS PENROSE,

LATE RECTOR OF

BECKINGTON AND STANDERWICK,

SOMERSETSHIRE.

EFFUGIUNT AVIDOS CARMINA SOLA ROGOS.

OVID.

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NEW THOMAS HENRY

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

GEORGE HENRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.



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INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who peruse the following Poems, may perhaps find themselves sufficiently interested in them, to wish for some account of their Author.

HE was the son of the Rev. Mr. PENROSE, Rector of Newbury, Berks; a man of high character and abilities, descended from an ancient Cornish family, beloved and respected by all who knew him; Mr. PENROSE, jun. being intended for the Church, pursued his studies with success, at Christ Church Oxon, until the summer of 1762, when his eager turn to the

Naval and Military line overpowering his attachment to his real interest, he left his College, and embarked in the unfortunate expedition against Nova Colonia, in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara. The issue was fatal.—The Clive, (the largest vessel) was burnt—and though the Ambuscade escaped, (on board of which Mr. PENROSE, acting as Lieutenant of Marines, was wounded) yet the hardships which he afterwards sustained in a prize sloop, in which he was stationed, utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England, with ample testimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished, at Hertford College; Oxon, his course of studies; and, having taken Orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, was considerably augmented. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed

as

INTRODUCTION. v

as if the clouds of disappointment, which had hitherto overshadowed his prospects, and tinged his Poetical Essays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then presented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to a living worth near 500*l.* per annum. It came, however, too late; for the state of Mr. PENROSE's health was now such as left little hope, except in the assistance of the waters of Bristol. Thither he went, and there he died in 1779, aged 36 years. In 1768, he married Miss Mary Slocock, of Newbury, by whom he had one child, Thomas, now on the foundation of Winton College.

MR. PENROSE was respected for his extensive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and esteemed for his social qualities.—By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmost ability, he was venerated to the highest degree. In oratory and composition

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composition his talents were great. His pencil was ready as his pen, and on subjects of humour had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the Public, by the reception of his *Flights of Fancy*, &c. have given a favourable testimony. To sum up the whole, his figure and address were as pleasing as his mind was ornamented.

SUCH was Mr. PENROSE; to whose memory I pay this just and willing tribute, and to whom I consider it as an honour to be related.

MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS OCCIDIT—
NULLI FLEBILIOR QUAM MIHI.

J. P. ANDREWS.

The GROVE, Nov. 1781.

To

On a

To M

Elegy

Elegy

To M

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Essay

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POEMS, &c.

Addressed to Three Ladies, on the

DEATH of a favourite PARROQUET.

DEEP from your hallow'd, silent shades

Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids;

Ye Muses, haste along.

Inspire the tender, moving lay,

For surely such a mournful day

Demands a serious song.

See where with Pity's force oppress,
 (While rising sorrows heave each breast)

Three gentle Sisters weep.

See how they point with streaming eyes,
 Where PARROQUETTA slumb'ring lies,
 Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of Beauty's bloom,
 The vivid dye, the varied plume

O'er her fair form were spread :

In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
 Bright as the orient beam of day,
 Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,—all

Together undistinguish'd fall

Before the opposing Fates:

The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,

One common ruin overbears,

One common lot awaits:

Then



Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace;
With unavailing sorrow cease

Your Favourite to deplore;
For know, the time will surely come
When *you* (tho' now in beauty's bloom)

When *you* shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,

Ere yet those moments fly;
For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest Belle, the loveliest Fair,
Like Parroquetes, must die.

Written Friday Evening, February 5, 1762,
in the Cloysters of Christ Church, Oxon;

On being disappointed of going to the

ASSEMBLY at NEWBURY, BERKS.

LOUD howl the winds around this awful pile,

A dusky light the pale-ey'd moon-beams shed;

While I amid the long-drawn cloyster'd aile,

Silent and sad the letter'd pavement tread.

Where, low in earth——ah! never more to rise,

Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,

Full many a shrouded student sleeping lies,

O'er whom still weeps the monumental stone.

Here,

Here, as I pace the ballow'd gloom along,
 Where at this hour no other foot dares rove,
 Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
 How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, see my CHLOE rises to my view,
 In all the pride of youth and Virtue's charms !
 Swift as the winds the fair one I pursue,
 But clasp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I see the dance's circling round,
 The chearful music, hark ! methinks, I hear !
 The viol sweet, and hautboy's gladsome sound,
 And sprightly tabor strike my wond'ring ear.

But ah ! again the pleasing dream is gone ;
 Swift as the gales, see, it flies away ;
 And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone
 Amidst this melancholy scene to stray.

O! hear, ye Gods, accept my humble pray'r!

Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, best desire;

Give to my faithful arms, my constant Fair;

Give this——nor wealth, nor honours I require.

TO MISS SLOCOCK.

Written on board the Ambuscade, Jan. 6th 1763,
a short Time before the Attack of Nova Colo-
nia do Sacramento, in the river of Plate.

THE Fates ordain, we must obey ;

This, this is doom'd to be the day ;

The hour of war draws near.

The eager crew with busy care

Their instruments of death prepare,

And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,

Each breast with such an ardor warms,

As Britons only know.

The flag of battle waving high,

Attracts with joy each Briton's eye ;

With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere Death his conquests swell,

Let me to Love this tribute pay,

For POLLY frame the parting lay;

Perhaps my last farewell.

For since full low among the dead,

Must many a gallant youth be laid,

Ere this day's work be o'er:

Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes

That saw this morning's sun arise,

Shall see it set no more.

My love that ever burnt so true,

That but for thee no wishes knew;

My heart's fond, best desire!

Shall be remember'd e'en in death,

And only with my latest breath,

With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear Maid, my fate you hear,
 (Sure love like mine demands one tear,
 Demands one heart-felt sigh)

My past sad errors, O forgive,

Let my few virtues only live,

My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls;

Loud thund'ring from the tow'ry walls.

Now roars the hostile gun,

Adieu, dear Maid!—with ready feet,

I go prepar'd the worst to meet,

Thy will, O God, be done!

II.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

On leaving the River of Plate, after the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria, of 38 ; in which the former was unfortunately burnt, with the greatest part of her Crew ; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered condition.

WHILE the torn vessel stems her lab'ring way,
Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view ;
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute lay ;
And take of them my long, my last adieu.

II.

Adieu ! ye walls ; thou fatal stream, farewell ;
By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Briton found an early grave.

III. Beneath

III.

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,
 Or strew with mangled limbs thy sandy shore;
 The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul!
 The battle's voice they now shall hear no more.

IV.

In vain the constant wife and feeble fire,
 Expectant with their lov'd return to see;
 In vain their infant's lisping tongue enquire,
 And wait the story on their father's knee.

V.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;
 Far, far they lie, on hostile seas they fell;
 The wife's, fire's, infant's joy no more to share,
 The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

VI.

Learn then, ye Fair, for others woes to feel,
 Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling eye;
 When the brave perish for their country's weal,
 'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

VII. Ah!

VII.

Ah! glorious DRAKE! far other lot was thine,
 Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;
 To seize the treasures of POSTOSI's mine,
 And sail triumphant o'er LA PLATA's tide.

VIII.

But Providence, on secret wonders bent,
 Conceals its purposes from mortal view;
 And Heaven, no doubt, with some allwise intent,
 Deny'd to numbers what it gave to few.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

To the Memory of Miss MARY PENROSE,

Who died, December 18, 1764, in the
Nineteenth Year of her Age.

HEARD ye the bell from yonder dusky tower!

Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;
And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,
That calls MARIA to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend,
With musing step the hallow'd place draw near,
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
Now silent, slumb'ring on the sable bier.

Come

Come ye, who joia'd in friendship's sacred tie,
 With her engag'd in pleasure's guiltless scene;
 Who shar'd with her the tender, social joy;
 Wove the gay dance, or trod the flow'ry green:

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
 'The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat high;
 Read your own fate in her's;—in time be wise,
 And from her bright example learn to die.

Like drooping lillies cropt by wintry wind,
 For fate has doom'd the hour when die *you* must,
 Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,
 And sleep, and mingle with your parent dust.

Say, are *your* forms with youth's soft graces drest?
 Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?
 So once was her's—by *you*—by all confess,
 'Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

Her

Her eyes beam'd out how innocent, how meek!

At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale;

Like vernal Roses blush'd her modest cheek,

Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move!

Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend!

How was she skill'd to win the general love!

How form'd to bless the husband or the friend!

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,

To misery oft her little store she gave;

Now she herself our flowing tears demands,

And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,

Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumb'rer lies;

Her beauty faded like the blasted rose,

Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
She, patient sufferer, bore her lot severe;
 Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,
 Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

'Midst life's last pangs Religion lent her aid,
 And wip'd with lenient hand her misty eyes;
 With blest assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
 And bade her hopes high-soaring reach the skies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
 Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise,
 She shines, refulgent in the blaze of light,
 And swells with raptur'd voice the note of praise.

Look down, blest Saint, O! turn a pitying eye!
 If yet in Heav'n a brother's name be dear;
 In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
 And lead me far from vice's baneful snare.

Teach

Teach me, whate'er my future lot shall be,
 To *God's* just Will my being to resign:
 Teach me to sail thro' life's tempestuous sea:
 And like *thy* latest parting hour be mine.

T. O.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

ON OUR

WEDDING-DAY.

THE happy Morn's arriv'd at last,
 That binds our nuptial union fast ;
 And knits our plighted vows in one,
 With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
 Can I be backward then, to pay
 The tribute of this joyful day ?
 Can I refuse my voice to raise,
 And hymn to God the song of praise ?
 No—surely gratitude demands
 This humble action from my hands,
 And bids me bless that God who gave
 Safe passage o'er the stormy wave,

Who

Who turn'd the shafts of war aside,
 And blest'd me with so lov'd a Bride.
 O! be the season ne'er forgot,
 When Hope itself could flatter not,
 When doubts were all my soul's employ,
 Nor dar'd I paint the present joy.
 But yet, my Love, be mine the blame,
 Thy goodness ever was the same;
 The fault was mine, misguided youth!
 When Folly held the place of Truth.
 And Vice and Error's syren smile,
 My artless bosom did beguile.
 What, though my heedless heat misled
 To war, and foreign climes I fled,
 Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease,
 And plough'd, long plough'd the Southern seas;
 Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
 Thy kind, dear, love, pursued me there.
 And 'midst the battle's horrid strife,
 Thy tender pray'r preserv'd my life.

God heard thy pray'rs, my heart's lov'd queen,
His shield protected me unseen,
His favour kept me safe from harms,
 And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms.
 Be 't then my task, with grateful breast
 To hush thy every care to rest,
 And make thee, while thy love survives,
 The happiest of all happy Wives.
 Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
 Shall ever bind as strong as now;
 My duty I shall ne'er forego,
 No change, no other wish I'll know;
 But still I'll prove to life's last end,
 The kindest Husband, truest Friend.

F L I G H T S
O F
F A N C Y.

V I Z.

THE HELMETS,
CAROUSAL OF ODIN,
MADNESS,
ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS
OF BRITAIN.

F L I G H T S

F A N C Y

THE HELMETS

CAROUSEL OF ODIN

MADNESS

ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS
OF BRITAIN

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THE
HELMETS,
A FRAGMENT.

The Scene of the following Event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Castle, in a House built after the Gothic taste upon a spot famous for a bloody encounter between the Armies of CHARLES and the Parliament.

The Prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in consequence of the disputes with America.

—'TWAS midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Thro' the whole mansion—save an antique Crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of Death)
Of a sick Boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gall'ry (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschall
Did closely imitate,) pac'd slow and sad

The village Curate, waiting late to thrive
 The Penitent when 'wake. Scarce shew'd the ray
 To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
 That grac'd the wall—On this and t'other side
 Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
 In many a trophy form'd, the knightly groupe
 Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
 And horses' furniture—brave monuments
 Of ancient Chivalry.—Thro' the stain'd pane
 Low gleam'd the Moon—not bright—but of such
 pow'r
 As marked the clouds black, threatening over head,
 Full mischief fraught;—from these in many a peal
 Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze
 Of light'ning blue.—While round the fretted dome
 The wind sung furly: with unusual clank
 The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
 Plac'd in the oriel, sunk the Churchman down:
 For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
 Could bear portentous prodigy?—

* Oriel. A projecting Window.

" I hear

"I hear it," cries the proudly gilded Casque
 (Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
 In slaught'rous deeds) "I hear amidst the gale

"The hostile spirit shouting—once—once more

"In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—

"There will be work anon."——

———"I'm waken'd too,"

Replied the fable Helmet (tenanted

By a like inmate) "Hark!—I hear the voice

"Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range

"Yon summit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements

"The fruits of civil discord) to the din

"The Spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,

"All join their yell—the song is war and death—

"There will be work anon."

———"Call armourers, ho!

"Furbish my xizor—*close my rivets up*—

"I brook

" I brook no dallying"————

—————" Soft, my hasty friend,"

Said the black Beaver, " Neither of us twain

" Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,

" Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate

" To my once master,—since unsought, unus'd

" Penfile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride

" Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight

" Has thrown your gilt, and shady plumes aside

" For modern foppery ;—still do not frown,

" Nor lour indignantly your steely brows,

" We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore

" Shall trace our sometime merit ;—in the eye

" Of antiquary taste we long shall shine :

" And as the Scholar marks our rugged front,

" He'll say, this CRESSY saw, that AGINCOURT :

" Thus dwelling on the prowess of his Fathers,

" He'll venerate their shell. Yet, more than this,—

" From our inactive station we shall hear

" The

" The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
 " Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls,
 " Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands
 " The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
 " And hoarslier croaks for blood---'twill flow."

—————" Forbid it, Heaven !

" O shield my suffering Country !---shield it," pray'd
 The agonizing Priest.

THE

THE
CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis ODIN's cry :
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
" Fill the meath, and spread the board,
" Vassals of the griev'd Lord."

The portal hinges grate—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In stalk the various forms, and drest
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering lances couch, some biting maces wield :
All march with haughty step, *all* proudly shake the
crest.

The

The feast begins, the scull goes round,
 Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.
 The gust of war subsides—E'en now
 The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rug-
 ged brow.

“ Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!”
 Cries HILDA, with disorder'd breath.
 Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
 To the inactive rev'ling Champion's name.
 “ Call forth the song,” she scream'd;—the minstrels
 came——

The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
 Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

“ Joy to the soul,” the Harpers sung,
 “ When embattl'd ranks among,
 “ The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
 (“ Banners waving o'er his plume)
 “ Foremost rides, the flower and boast
 “ Of the bold determin'd host!”

With

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faithful sword.

The fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,
And bade the Scalds proceed.

" Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
" When conflicting armies join;
" When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;
" When strokes of death are dealt around;
" When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;
" And every gauntlet drips with gore."——

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havoc wide o'er many a guilty land.

MADNESS.

M A D N E S S.

S WELL the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the Muse's fires !
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis MADNESS' self inspires.

Hail, awful MADNESS, hail !
 Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
 Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
 Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee* ;
 Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark !—

Hark!--To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,---
Phrenzy leads her *Chorus* near,
And *Dæmons* dance around.---

Pride---Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice swell her train,
'Devotion warp'd---Affection crost---
Hope in disappointment lost---
And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of MADNESS rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning---causeless moans,
Burst of laughter---heart-felt groans---
All seem to pierce the skies.---

Rough

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On THULE's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming
hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his foul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same—
 Streaming eyes,
 Incessant sighs,
 Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted Fair,
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.
 Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around;

Big

Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected
wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmost soul!

“ Give the knife, Demons, or the poison’d bowl,
“ To finish miseries equal to your own.”

Who’s this wretch, with horror wild?

—’Tis Devotion’s ruin’d child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.

Thou, fair Religion, wast design’d,

Duteous daughter of the skies,

To warm and cheer the human mind,

To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where fits, in love array'd,
 Attentive to each suppliant call,
 The God of universal aid,
 The God, the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
 Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
 Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
 And spread deep shades our view and heaven be-
 tween.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
 (His beams of mercy thrown aside)
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
 And hurling vengeance wide.
 Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
 And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best depend-
 ence lies.

But ah!—too thick they croud,—too close they
throng,

Objects of pity and affright!

Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight.—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,

But o'er the hapless groupe, low drop Compassion's
veil.

A D D R E S S

TO THE

G E N I U S O F B R I T A I N .

COME, genial spirit, to the earnest call
 Of the true Patriot! wheresoe'er thou art,
 O! mark the summons! whether airy borne
 In hasty progress, 'pleas'd thou skimm'st the edge
 Of the white bulwark; from the steepy height
 Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain;
 While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,
 The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view
 Full frequent pass the womby labourers
 Of Commerce, or the gaily-floating pride

ADDRESS

OF

Of naval armament.—Or whether deep
 In midland occupation, glad thou seest
 The various labours of the chearful Loom;
 Or Agriculture whistling at the plough.
 Whether the Anvil-notes engage thy stay,
 (Tho' dissonant, yet music to the ear
 Of him who knows his country;) or the hum
 Of the thick crouded Burse;—come and attend
 To BRITAIN'S general good! 'Tis not the shout,
 The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage,
 That hails thee; nor the well-diffembling tongue
 Of mask'd Sedition, whose envenom'd rant
 Urges the Croud to madness.—Not to these
 List heedful.—'Tis the cool persuasive voice
 Of Reason wooes.—Quick then with brightest smiles
 Of mild Humanity adorn thy cheek:
 Straight o'er the Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,
 Seek out thy pensive daughter;—once as dear

And closely twining round thy milky breast,
 As was AUGUSTA's self.—Yet now estrang'd—
 Unhappily estrang'd! O by the hand
 Take the fair Mourner; from her tearful eye
 Wipe the dim cloud of Sorrow;—to the throne
 Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
 Most glorious boon, that to our latest sons
 Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.
 Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
 To Memory's mirror. Pictur'd there we see
 The happy times of Concord; when the arm
 Of Manufacture ply'd the busy task
 In various employment:—thro' the eye
 Beam'd Chearfulness, while all around her sons
 Glad Industry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn
 Abundant wealth:—hence to the crouded port
 Pass, Thought, and mark the ants of Commerce
 The spacious hold; light ran the toilsome day,

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Cheer'd by the hope of honest recompence.

The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew

Urg'd on her speedy course ; not sad to quit

Their native soil, for in those happier days

AMERICA was home. There on the shore

Stood Expectation, friendly by her side

Smil'd Hospitality, with open breast,

Pleas'd to receive the sea-beat traveller :

Cherish'd, enrich'd that traveller return'd

Blessing his double country. — These thy sweets,

Fraternal intercourse ! But ah ! how chang'd,

How sadly chang'd is now the present scene,

Pregnant with future griefs ! In sullen state

Beneath the gloomy roofs dull Silence reigns,

Which erst in better times, resounded quick

With strokes of active business : at the forge,

Extinct, in pensive poverty the smith

Desponding leans, incapable to earn

The

The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye
 Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
 Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom
 The spider forms her web, poor evidence
 Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the Muse
 Suppress the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
 She weeps while she relates—How are they fall'n,
 The sons of Labour, from their prosp'rous state
 Degraded! How, alas! the crouded jail
 Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
 Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!
 Fill'd is each cell of sorrow and of pain
 With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
 While living, and condemn'd to linger on.
 To life's last ebb, unpity'd, unreliev'd:
 Part felons, stamp'd the foes of social life
 By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
 The spoilers of the wealthy.—To distress

Abandon'

Abandon'd, scarce the ruin'd mind perceives
 Its own peculiar sorrows ; but sinks down
 The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
 Submits the needful sacrifice.—Sad fate
 Of those, whom Heaven design'd their country's
 boast,

The artizans of skill.—Nor on the banks
 Of venerable THAMES does woe preside
 Less perilous ;—THAMES, the prolific fire
 Of BRITAIN'S wealth : along his winding shores,
 Unoccupy'd, moor'd to destructive sloth,
 Whole fleets lie perishing, a forest, true,
 But still a blasted forest : gloomy stalks
 The unshipp'd mariner, and meditates
 On foreign service.—Should some child of Hope,
 Lur'd by the pleasing retrospect, once more
 Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea ;
 Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,
 Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly trust

To meet his wonted greeting : how recoils
 The visionary voyage !—Not on the beach
 Sit waiting Love and Amity to grasp
 His hand, and lead him to their open bower :
 No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend
 With various traffic :—fled—affrighted—fled,
 And all the little deities, that once
 Kind, o'er the social and commercial board
 Hung hovering : in their room, sad change ! ap-
 pear

Stern Resolution, stoic Stubbornness,
 And Independence ;—in his hand each holds
 His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,
 And deaf to ancient friendship.—In this pause,
 This solemn pause, that halts 'tween peace and war,
 O fly, blest spirit, in the royal ear
 Whisper forgiveness ;—'midst the high behests
 Of justice, let our ever-gracious Sire
 Forget not Mercy ;—'tis the brightest gem

That

That decks the monarch's crown : nor thou, great

GEORGE,

Disdain the Muse's prayer; most loyal she

In mild subjection down the tide of life,

Steers her light skiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call

Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now

If warm she pleads her cause.—The savage race,

That prowl the desert, or that range the wood,

Are won to tameness by the attentive care

Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man,

Nor say *his* heart's more fell:—'Tis easier far

To sooth by tenderness, than awe by pow'r.

Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist

To *conquer*, when the field is fairer gain'd

By reconciling.—To the ungrateful toil

Commission'd, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.

Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,

Rous'd by the call to arms, the shouting bands

Rush'd

Rush'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
 By loves or home;—each burning to supply
 The waste of war, and anxious to advance
 The common glory. — Spiritless now and sad
 Embark the destin'd troops: the veteran brave,
 That dauntless bore the variegated woes
 Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
 That won on many a plain the bloody palm
 Of Victory, amidst the dying groans
 Of slaughter'd thousands firmly undismay'd;
 Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,
 Averse to slay his brother:—at the word,
 (*Awful, yet sacred to his patient ear*)
 He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek
 The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound
 That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.
 Say therefore, "*Sword, be sheath'd,*"—fair in the sky,
 Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread

Its

Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
 That's misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,
 And smile away its tears: the sunny beam
 Of mild returning Confidence will cheer
 The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
 Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
 Charm'd into health;—and from her various store
 Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath
 To crown the temples of her PATRIOT KING.

PUBLIC VIRTUE

Y-ASSAY

They All promote the General Good

ESSAY
ON THE
CONTRARIETIES

OF

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,
Fast binds in clusters men together;
And though it cannot be forgotten,
That some are ripe, and some are rotten,
Yet,—let it still be understood,
They *All* promote the *General Good*.

For

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For this the *Patriot's* fire arises,
 That glows at every trying crisis,
 With each inferior strife, and stir too,
 Whence spring they? but from *Public Virtue*.
 Tho' different plans, like streams, 'tis true,
 By different rills their course pursue;
 Tho' oft they seem, to mortals blind,
 Repugnant to the end design'd,—
 Appearing, as by error led,
 To flow through many a mazy bed;
 Yet still at length we see them glide,
Meand'ring to the common tide.

Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,
 I shrink not from my proposition,
 But still aver *all Britons* merit
 The praise of *Patriotic Spirit*;
 As far as e'er their power can stretch,
 From N—— descending down to *Ketch*.

E

That

That statesmen guard the public weal,
 We *all* must own, for *all* must feel :
 'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
 And careful drive the grand machine ;
 To charm the passengers from fretting,
 And keep the *whole* from oversetting.
 But still inferior hands may bring
 Some little help,—may oil a spring,—
 May point,—“ There, round that corner turn *ye*,”
 And wish the folks a pleasant journey.

All have their use,—there's nothing plainer,
 From this each traveller's a gainer ;
 And, tho' the merits be but few,
 Let's give to every imp his due.
 This social *fire* tho' all possess,
 In some there's nothing *blazes* less ;
 So many a close attempt is made,
 O'er the bright flame to hold a shade,

To

To keep their worth from being known,
 While conscience hugs itself alone :
 As some of alms will never boast,
 And look *least* pleas'd when giving *most*.

But, Cynics, spare the odd behaviour,
 If well you walk, ne'er blame the Pavior.
 Should you, when wand'ring in the night,
 Some *Scoundrel* urge to set you right,
 Now, tho' he blasts you with a curse,
 You'll take the *better* from the *worse*,
 Nor think the greeting ill-bestow'd,
 If while he *damns*, he shews the *road* ;
 But straight jog home, no more affrighted,
 That if an honest *watchman* lighted.

Learn then the *best* to cull from evil,
 As *Saints* take warning by the *Devil* :

And,—if the Muse, whose judgment nice is,
 Shews *Public Good* in *private Vices*,
 The holiest tongue must cease to stir,
 But instant own without demur,
 While modest matrons start at *Drury*,
 The *Thief's* as useful as the *Jury*,
 Since both the mind strong truths impress on,
 And teach the world an awful lesson.
 Our *various Patriots* then revere,
 Their hearts are sound, though manners queer;
 Tho' some to outward vision seem
 To sport in *Phrenzy's* antic dream,
 The aims of each laborious self are
 Intended for the *public welfare*.
 This glorious end alone pursuing,
 They, bold like *Curtius*, laugh at ruin;
 For this, if we their schemes unravel,
 They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthusiast

Enthusiast in the paths of *Science*,
 BANKS bade the stormy waves defiance,
 Fair Nature's volume to explore,
 He † fought with fear unfaill'd before,
 And earn'd, by *Argonautic* toil,
 Fresh honours from his native soil:
 Him *Wisdom* lov'd, thus worthy found,
 And *Britain* hail'd him as the crown'd.

But say—"Can one *Advent'rer's* claim
 "Exhaust the trumpet voice of fame?
 "No garland has my country now,
 "To bind another pilgrim's brow?
 "Be mine the merit,"—*Florio* cries,
 And cross the *Channel* gaily flies;

† With such mad seas the daring *GAMA* sought:

THOMSON.

Thro' thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,

(Unless perchance when Louis fail,)

A *meteor*—with a fiery tail,

Think you his aim in each manœuvre,

Is but to scare th' astonish'd *Louvre*?

Ah no!—in all the dissipation

He loves the int'rest of his nation,

And, mindful of the Patriot rule,

For our *instruction*—plays the *fool*.

Connubial faith,—th' unbroken vow,—

How blest! Who dares to disallow?

Lothario strong in this agrees,

And urges every wife he sees;

Sure—if the attack should fall upon her,

The sex is happy in her honour,—

And, if his stratagems surprize her,

Her fall may make th' unsteady wiser.

The

The husband from his doze may start,
 And, tho' he long disdain'd her heart,
 May look the thief with visage fierce on,
 Who dar'd defile the slighted person.
 " Draw—draw to set the matter right,"—
 But is *Lothario* wrong to fight?
 No,—*Public Virtue* swells his veins,
 Whoever falls,—his country gains:
 This none can doubt, your feelings ask, all;
 For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.

When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,
 The influence kind the kingdom feels;
 Each hand, in fit degree and measure,
 Contributes to the *public treasure*.
 These truths *NORTHUMBERLAND* convince,
 Who lives in just magnificence,
 And,—while his bounty wide distills,
 For *England's welfare*—pays his bills.

But different notions COTTA strike,
 For why shou'd *Patriots* judge alike?
 It shocks his greatness to describe
How Peasants gall the Courtier's kibe,
 An upstart race, that *no one* knows,
 Who yet have folly to suppose,
 That *honest wealth* is better far
 Than *guilt* and *want* beneath a *star*.

"Let every man preserve his station:

"What's rule—without subordination?"

Till wiser heads confess the flaw,

And plan a sumptuary law,

Impatient some redress to get,

See COTTA plunges into debt,

(From Bailiffs safe)—and much commends

This practice to his hungry friends;

So war is wag'd with every trader,

Dear Honour! lest the rogues degrade her:

And

And what contrivance is more sure
To *humble*—than to keep them *poor*?

When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two † rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an *olive*, that a *courser*.

Thus some,—as other plans have mist 'em,
Revere the *vegetable system*,
And think their *virtue* grounded sure
In growth of timber, and manure.
Hence, up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;

† Minerva and Neptune.

Glad

Glad *Britain*—how these prospects charm her!
 Her *Medal* * decks the *Patriot Farmer*,
 Who counts his stock.—and hopes he's shewn,
 His country's riches in his own.
 Not so the 'Squire of boist'rous spirit,
 Who, studious of equestrian merit,
 To thrifty care makes no pretences,
 But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.
 Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
 New till the foil, and mend the breaches,
 Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
 Devoted as a *prey* to *dogs*,
 He hates ignoble frugal ways,
 And—wild in the career of praise,
 Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed;
 “To *me Old England* owes the breed.”

* Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Arts and Sciences.

Do various loads the nation press?
 'Tis noble sure to make them less:
 This *Virgil* does, and labours hard
 To cog the *die*, or palm the *card*:
 Profuse in *packs*, as round they lie,
 He often turns th' applauding eye;—
 And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
 Since his dear country shares the profit,
 Keen Censure then her frown relaxes,
 Without *consumption* what are *taxes*?

Taxes! But “why” *THERSITES* growls,
 “Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
 “Shall two or thee, in pamper'd ease,
 “Lay contributions as they please,
 “While all the rest, in station humble,
 “Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble?”

Peace,

Peace, Snarler,—Know, with steady soul

The *Patriot* can applaud the whole ;

And justly crowns with equal praise

The man who *levies*, and who *pays*.

'Tis true, the Doctor of finances

By *nostrums* oft his fund enhances :

But then his skill in physic's great,

He knows the ailments of the state,

Intent, as suits the sad disaster,

To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaister.

A *plethora's* now the case, there's needing

Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.

He therefore acts the subject best,

Who scorns the order to contest ;

But claps a calm contented face on,

And yields the most to fill the bason.

To

To give his part, thro' various stages
 The *Manufacturer* engages;
 And think there's merit at *his* door,
 Whose business feeds the lab'ring poor,
 While to the keen *Exciseman's* eyes
 Accumulating duties rise.

"Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,"
 Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
 (Tho' oft his title-deeds may rest
 Safe in the Us'rer's iron chest;)
 "Unpaid let other calls remain,
 "I'll still uphold my *menial* train:
 "Oeconomy!—'tis base to court her,
 "Each † *Footman* is a state-supporter,
 "To baulk the cause a coward's sin is,
 "I'll bravely pay the *hundred guineas*."

† New taxes on servants.

Deep

Deep *Bibo* soaks, and boasts the reason,
 "Wine's the best antidote to *treason*,
 "Large revenues our bumpers bring,
 "I drink my *Claret* for my *King*."
 Yet still *his* zeal by far surpasses,
 Who empties first, then breaks the *glasses* †.

How *Fungus* glows with Patriot pride;
 While *credit* pours an even tide!
 Thus buoy'd along, thro' fairy scenes,
 He clubs his share to *ways and means*;
 At length the *dun's* incessant clamour
 Dooms every chattel to the *hammer*;
 Still there's *decorum* in his fall,
 Since now the § *Auction* closes all.

Smile, *Walpole's ghost*, untaught to feign,
 For private folly's public gain:

† New tax on glass wares.

§ Ditto on Auctions.

And

And bids *old Cecil* smoothe his brow,—
If *England* thrives,—no matter *how*.

Vespasian thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey :
Tho' squeamish *Titus* leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiser father blest the craft,
And, when his *bags* the *cash* was fure in,
Ne'er thought the *tribute* smelt of *urine*.

THE

J U S T I C E:

A

C A N T A T A.

COMPOS'D, the Justice sat in easy state:

A croud assembling, thunder'd at the gate:

The Porter, to his post accusom'd long,

First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng:

'Midst these, a Sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,

Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault;

The young Seducer look'd abash'd and pale,

While thus the Father urg'd his angry tale:

LIT

SONG.

S O N G.

See that wretch base ends pursuing,
 Low has brought my child to shame—
 See in her my honour's ruin,
 Death of honour, death of fame!
 Well to match her ripening beauty
 Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;
 But this fall, this breach of duty,
 Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—
 Curse the traitor's late repenting—
 Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
 War recruits is ever wanting—
 Let him die on foreign land.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He paus'd—for rage his falt'ring voice oppress—
 The magistrate the trembling youth address,

F

Dispell'd

Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—
And thus the youth began in artless stile.

S O N G.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me sue :
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead, (be this prevailing)
Love in early youth begun ;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our mutual flame :
Wretched therefore if we've made him,
On himself must rest the blame.

REC I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimson'd made this short reply.

A I R.

Gracious Sir, this faithful youth
Well has spoke the voice of truth.
Kind dispenser of the laws,
Shew compassion to our cause—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare *his* life, and pity *me*.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Judge not long in useless silence fate,
But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate.

A I R.

Relentless parent, since to me
Is now referr'd the last decree,

Mark and observe my just command,—
 I doom him not to foreign land,
 But to a sentence mild and kind—
 Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
 And may their passion ne'er decay,
 'Till ebbing life shall sink away.

RECITATIVE.

The list'ning croud the fair award approv'd,
 The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
 While thanks and praises did their tongues employ,
 They thus in chorus testified their joy.

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
 Friendship, when you fear'd a foe!
 While the year revolves around,
 May your bliss revolving flow.

Parents,

Parents, to your children's pleasure

Be your close attention paid ;

Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,

Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,

Our best gratitude is due ;

May each couple love like these—

May each Justice act like you !

THE
HERMIT'S VISION.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing thro' the grey serene:
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deep'ning shadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks
between.

High on a cliffy steep, o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umbered gloom and solemn awe be-
neath.

High

High on a clifffy steep a Hermit sat,
 Weighing in his weaned mind
 The various turns of mortal fate,
 The various woes of human kind ;
 Meek Pity's pearl oft started in his eye,
 And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent
 sigh.

Silent was all around,
 Save when the swelling breeze
 Convey'd the half-expiring sound
 Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell
 Struck the sequester'd Anchoret's ear ;
 Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
 For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to
 fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
 What tho' his skiff was drawn to shore,
 And shelter'd in retirement fast,
 Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er ;
 Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
 How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle
 through !

Before his sage revolving eyes
 Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
 Now retreat, and now advance,
 And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
 Thoughtless of the distant day ;
 Sweet *Complacence*, angel mild,
 Hied from the frantic pageant far away ;
 For she was Wisdom's favour'd child,
 In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy

Joy led the van—her painted vest,
 Flowing to th' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with flutt'ring breast,
 And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy *Fear*
 Whisper'd in her startled ear,
 "How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
 "How many an evil may befall!"
 Aghast awhile she heard the ruthless song,
 Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close *Love* follow'd in the train,
 Love, the queen of pleasing pain:
 Placid now in dear delight,
 Madd'ning now in deep affright,
 And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
 Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born *Jealousy*.

'Twixt

'Twixt *Pride* and *Lust of Grandeur* led,
 Next *Ambition* rear'd her head,
 By *Phrenzy* urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
 And seize the visionary prize:
 Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
 Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,
 With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
 Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,
 By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,
 Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward
 thought.

As the rous'd Tiger gaunt and fell
 Kindles into cruel rage,

With

With flashing glare, and murd'rous yell—
 Thus *Anger* past th' ideal stage,
 Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
 Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,
Malice was content to go,
 Patient the distant hour to wait,
 And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.

Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
 Till time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard
 deep.

To *Malice* link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lour;
Detraction halted by her side,
 Upheld by *Falseness's* feeble power.—

"No more!—no more!" the holy Seer exclaim'd,

"Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,

"Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,

"And plunge in all the energy of woe.

"Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,

"Let reason ever take the helm;

"Left, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,

"The pinnacle frail some gust may overwhelm!

"Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear

"From Error's perils she may safely steer;

"Till death shall bid each trial cease,

"And moor the shatter'd bark in peace!"

THE

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar

Distant down the hollow wind;

Panting terror fled before,

Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the sunken day,

That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;

While, scarcely lighting to the prey,

Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The

The Field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread ;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step *Maria* flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child ;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame :
With *Edgar* o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart ;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho'

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,

(The torrent bursting from her eye)

She heard the signal for the fight—

While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,

Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay ;

His manly heart the charm confest—

Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon in few—but deadly words,

Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,

That in the foremost strife of swords

The young, the gallant *Edgar* fell.

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—

At every sound her blood congeal'd ;

With terror bold—with terror pale,

She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er

Tho'

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
 She went—with courage not her own—
 On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
 And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
 Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
 —Of comfort glad, the drear caress
 The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
 When late pale *Edgar's* form she found,
 Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
 And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—the sunk—the nigh-bird scream'd,
 —The moon withdrew her troubled light,
 And left the Fair,—tho' fall'n she seem'd—
 To worse than death—and deepest night.

MORTA-

M O R T A L I T Y.

'T WAS the deep groan of death

That struck th' affrighted ear!

The momentary breeze,—the vital breath

Expiring sunk!—Let Friendship's holy tear—

Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—

To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise,

Wisdom! set the portal wide,—

Call the young, and call the vain,

Hither lure presuming Pride,

With Hope mistrustless at her side,

And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy Thirst of
Gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,—
 Shew how awful 'tis to die.—
 Shew the portrait in the dust:
 Youth may frown—the picture's just,—
 And tho' each nerve resists—yet yield at length they
 must,

Where's the visage, that awhile
 Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?
 Trace the corpse,—the likeness seek—
 No likeness will you own.
 Pale's the once-social cheek,
 And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of light,
 The windows of the soul?
 No more with vivid ray they roll—
 Their suns are set in night.

Where's

Where's the heart, whose vital power

Beat with honest rapture high,—

That joy'd in many a friendly hour,

And gave to mis'ry many a sigh?—

Froze to a stone!—And froze the hand

Whose grasp affection warm convey'd ;

Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,

And nourish'd want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief,—

To silence agonizing grief,—

To soothe the breast in tempest tost,

That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost?

'Tis the departed worth, tho' sure

To gash the wound, yet works the cure:—

'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom
 O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
 To dry the mourner's pious stream,
 And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does Ambition toil to raise
 Trophies to immortal praise?

Trust not, tho' strong her passions burn,
 Trust not the marble's flattering stile,
 —Tho' Art's best skill engrave the urn—
 Time's cank'ring tooth shall fret the pile.—

FRIEND.

F R I E N D S H I P.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,

Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;

'Till notic'd by approaching light,

It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r

The sun outbeams with genial day,

And gently, in benignant hour,

Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed,

Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;

Condensing round the mourner's head,

They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

'Tho' *Pity* shews her *dawn* from Heaven,
 When kind she points assistance near;
 To *Friendship's Sun* alone 'tis given
 To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

THE

THE
C U R A T E.
A F R A G M E N T.

I.

O'E'R the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed with but little oile,
The Curate fate (for scantie was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

II.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reste to him,—but day of care,
At manie a Church to preach with tedious ride.

III.

Before him sprede, his various sermons lay,
 Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
 The harvest gained from manie a thoughtful daye,
 The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

IV.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
 Awhile he paused, for sorrow stopped his throte,
 Aroused at lengthe, he heaved a bitter fighe,
 And thus complaine, as well indeed he mote:

V.

“ Hard is the scholars lot, condemned to fail
 “ Unpatronized o’re life’s tempestuous wave;
 “ Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
 “ To waft him to one port—except the grave.

“ Big

VI.

- Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
- “ With youthful ardour, and bright science fraught;
- “ Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,
- “ Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

VII.

- “ Pleas'd on the summer-sea I daunc'd a-while,
- “ With gay companions, and with views as fair;
- “ Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
- “ My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.—

VIII.

- “ Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
- “ To highest flights, to Crozier and to Pall,
- “ Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,
- “ For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

“ No

IX.

“ No tow’ring thoughts like these engag’d my breast,

“ I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)

“ Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,

“ The scheme of duty suited to the man;

X.

“ Where, in my narrow sphere, secure at ease,

“ From vile dependence free, I might remain,

“ The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,

“ The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

XI.

“ Yet cruel fate denied the small request,

“ And bound me fast, in one ill-omened hour,

“ Beyond the chance of remedie, to rest

“ The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow’r.

“ Oft

XII.

“ Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
 “ In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
 “ By nod scarce noticed of the passing thronge,
 “ ’Tis but the *Curate*, every childe will say.

XIII.

“ Nor circumscrib’d in dignitie alone
 “ Do I my rich superior’s vassal ride;
 “ Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
 “ With all its frowns, does o’er my roof preside.

XIV.

“ Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
 “ The bough-crown’d shock in vain attracts mine eye;
 “ To labour doom’d, and destin’d to be poor,
 “ I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

“ When

XV.

“ When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,

“ The Bridegroom’s joy draws forth the golden fee ;

“ The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;

“ The splendid present centres not in me.”

DONNING.

DO

BLO

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Deep

DONNINGTON CASTLE.

BLOW the loud trump of war,—wide to the gale
 Unfurl the painted banner,—from the breast
 Tear the mild sympathies of charity,
 And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
 If Briton fight with Briton!—Is there one
 To whom these shouts give joy? can there be one
 So steel'd, so frantic with envenom'd rage
 Of party feud, as to forego the mark
 Of fair humanity?—Reckless to pluck
 The blossoms from the olive, and dye them red
 Deep in a brother's blood?—If such there be

(Cain's

(Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
 His fierce eye to the desolated crown
 Of many a batter'd hill,—to many a heap
 Of ruins scatter'd thro' this worried land,
 Scenes once of civil strife, but now become
 Familiar to the lowliest village swain.
 If there be one within this fertile vale
 (Fertile thro' peace) who yearns for acts of blood,
 Direct his view, Divine Benevolence !
 To yonder awful, but instructive pile
 Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
 Stands eloquent the siege-worn monitor,
 That speaks from every stone ;—from ev'ry wound
 That bor'd its strong, yet vain resisting side
 Truth tells a solemn lesson.—To the ear
 Of warm poetic fancy speaks the ghost
 Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the souls

Of *Ladies* born for love, and e'en could lure
 For some soft season the stout rugged hearts
 That fill'd the steel-clad warriors of his age,
 And made them listen to his Syren voice
 Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.
 'Tis *Chaucer* hails, from the drear ivy'd tower,
 The gaze of idle visitants,—but once
 The seat of all the Muses,—where his court
 Kept *Phæbus* gladden'd at the pow'rful call
 That woo'd him to our Albion:—round him play'd
 Old *Comus* jocular, with many a glee
 Promoting social laughter;—many a Grace
 Stole in amidst the chearful throng, and sooth'd
 The bashful maiden, while with blushing joy
 She hearken'd to her all-accomplish'd *Knight*.
Chaucer, the prime of bards!—with festive song
 Oft has he charm'd the variegated groupe

Within

Within yon antient walls,—walls that no more
 Resound with jocund minstrelsy.—The owl
 There shrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarf
 Joins in the horrid discord : direful change!

POVERTY.

P O V E R T Y.

HIE thee hence ! thou spectre foul,

Fiend of misery extreme ;

Hence ! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl

With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream

The midnight wolf accords his famish'd howl,

And madd'ning wretches loud in agony blaspheme.

Hence !---from the artless bard keep wide aloof—

Fly rather to *his* hated roof,

Who, deaf to Mercy's soft controul,

Can steel with rugged edge the soul ;

Plund'ring, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,

Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear :—

H

But

But pass *him* by, the wooer mild
Of *Genius*, friend to all, *Nature's ingenuous child*.

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In silent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow Health's rosy wreath is twin'd :
While his passions sluggish flow,
Borne on life's pacific round ;
Nor aims his highest wish to know
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandfire's farthest
bound.

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale visage of Disease
Frowns on his humble cot,
When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble
knees.

There,

*There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
 May Sickness, Age, and Want be found;
 United all in one forlorn abode,
 Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.*

*From the damp and earthy bed
 The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain :
 Despair hangs weeping o'er his head :
 Sad pallet this for ease ! sad comforter in pain !*

*Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
 Pour your oil, and pour your wine :
 Wipe from tears the misty eye ;
 Charity's a ray divine—
 A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to shine.*

Why withhold the little boon ?

Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,

Glitt'ring moths of sunny moon—

Plum'd with gold of joy and health?

● think! a blast may come, yourselves may perish soon!

Yet, different in this common state,

What different care attends your happier fate!

Fading you may sure receive

All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can give:

While, with equal wants oppress'd,

The child of Misery heaves his lab'ring breast,

Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,

Scarce with such crumbs sustained as hungry Health
devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,

Ye gentle, wail th'unletter'd peasant poor:

Yet keener far, as more severely felt,

Does

Does Penury haunt th' ill-omen'd scholar's door;
He calls for all your tears ; give these, if nothing more.

Warm'd his soul with genial flame
 In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,
 To pant for science, thirst for fame,
 And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
 Of praise was echo'd to his ear ;
 Full many a promise (flatt'ring gale !)
 Foretold the wish'd-for port was near.

Awhile it blew,---then dy'd away,
 Like breezes with declining day,
 And left him, wond'ring wretch ! forsaken quite,
 In Poverty's dead calm, and Disappointment's night.

What

What avails th' expanded mind,
 Tutor'd in the choicest lore?
 The suffering *body* lags behind,
 Nor lets the rising spirit soar,
 Call'd home,---what Stoic pride the soul can steel,
 When ev'ry sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
 The eye that glistens at distress;
 The wish all blessings to impart,
 Or make at least a brother's sorrow less?
 From Trouble's spring the deepest draught *he* drew,
 Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the sad mistaken gate
 When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant stand,
 Struck with the hapless warrior's state,
 Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.---

---'Tis

—'Tis empty---See ! his lids o'erflow,
 To fend undol'd away the hoary son of woe.
 Love too---for in the lowliest cell
 Chaste love in purest flame may dwell---
 His love---what forer can befall ?
 Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with gall,
 Before the husband's and the father's eyes
 Stormy clouds in prospect rise,
 The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan ;
 These and more he makes his own---
 For ah ! the faithless world by him too well is known,
 For these the homely robe, the scanty board,
 While life in toil is ling'ring on,
 The drudge of science may afford :---
 But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life
 is gone ?

No friend may rise, but many a foe

Will deck his visage with a smile,

Will hide in softest words the basest guile,

And while he soothes the most, will strike the deepest
blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,

When his daughter's rip'ning bloom,

Swells into agony his fear

Of the fell spoiler's den---fair Virtue's early tomb,

THE

H A R P.

BORNE on Fancy's wing along,

High soars the bard's enraptur'd soul;

Round him floats the joy of song,

Round him airs extatic roll :

Refittless charm ! each swelling vein

Owens the accustom'd flame, and throbs to pour the
strain.

Spirit of Ossian !—thro' the gloom

Of ages deepen'd into night,

See it bursting from the tomb,—

O'er it gleams a holy light !

See ! it waves its master-hand ;
 Assembling o'er the heath quick glide the minstrel
 band,

They wake the sleeping chords !—the magic tone
 (That sooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
 That lur'd to sing the latest breath,
 And mock'd with smiles the frown of death,)

Ideal, now renews the powerful spell ;
 The list'ning shades, a grisly host,
 Spring from the narrow cell,
 And hail with lengthen'd shout th' enchanter's mighty
 ghost.

Thine too, Cadwallo ! whom to save
 In vain the heavenly science su'd,
 Starts from *Aron's* rocky grave
 With bloody streams embu'd,

Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The *Druid* choir unites, their tears harmonious flow,

Wild as they sweep th' ærial lyre,

Arresting fast the passive ear,

Fiercer glows the poet's fire,—

O melody below'd ! O art for ever dear !

Ruthless tyrant,—yield to fate :

Nor Folly's scorn, nor Rancour's hate,

Tho' op'ning wide the sluice of gore,

Could quench the skill divine, could drown the mystic
lore.

Long !—long indeed 'twas mute ! thy feeble prey,

Fall'n the hoary minstrels lay :—

While, sick'ning o'er the mournful ground,

The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain :

No

No more was heard the soul-inspiring sound,—
 —But, faster in Despair's sad fetters bound,
 Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the servile
 chain.

Wint'ry, thus the storm of War
 Froze into sloth the captive mind :
 'Till growing freedom burst the icy bar,
 And loos'd the arts that hell for ever strove to bind.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

II.

So sigh'd *Horatio*, on a tomb reclin'd,

Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall:

His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his sickly mind,

And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

III. *Horatio*,

III.

Horatio, to whose lot was not deny'd

Keen Sensibility with *all* her woes:

By many a *painful* test his heart was try'd;

His was the *thorn*, while *others* won the *rose*:

IV.

Yet, why should thorns his honest breast invade,

Since all the Charities were fondled there?

Why should thy feat, Benevolence, be made

The haunt of hapless Grief, and pining Care?

V.

Fill'd with an ample soul, that would adorn

Fair Independence, he began his day:

Full many a *promise* smil'd upon his morn:

Morn chang'd to eve,—each promise dy'd away.

VI. He

VI.

He wish'd,—nor can you call his wishes bold ;
 He hop'd,—for sure his friends were not a few ;
 He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
 And the base harbour pointed to his view.

VII.

The soft delusion play'd before his sight
 Just to mislead ;—for soon, alas ! he found
 His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,
 His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

THE
N A V Y.

A FRAGMENT.

DOWN the variegated fide
Of *Edgecomb's* far-recorded Knowl,
(Joy of Nereids, *Cornwall's* pride)
Where Art extends her mild controul
But just to check what Nature's liberal hand
Has spread in gay luxuriance wide
Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
The Muse, astonish'd, trac'd her ling'ring way,
Unsettled what to leave, and wond'ring where to stay.

FRAGMENT.

SCRANNEL, pipe of scanty tone,

Yield the prize, and yield it due—

Pan, if here, must surely own,

From thee no heavenly rapture grew—

Thine's the frolic to advance,

Rustic joy, and rustic dance.—

Merry glee, in many a round

Tripping o'er the daisy ground,

Prais'd thy note, while rival feet

Strove thy movements fast to meet.—

I A TALE.

A

T A L E

Founded on an Incident at St. VINCENT'S
Rocks, 1779

HIGH on the cliff's tremendous side,

That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,

Three lasses chanc'd to stray :

To pluck the casual flow'rets bent,

Regardless of the rough ascent,

They wound their dangerous way.

Till, slowly mounted to the height,

They turn'd their view in wild affright,

And

T A L E

I

And shudd'ring mark'd the steep :

O ! then, what grief bedew'd each eye,

To think one slip, one step awry,

Might plunge them in the deep !

A Priest, whom soft emotions press

To succour damsels in distress,

That instant trod the shore ;

With happy strength and steady pace

Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base

Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth ;—the careless hour

May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,

Whose honey turns to gall :

While the kind parson's timely aid

May rescue many a tott'ring maid,

And——save from many a fall.

EARLY GREY HAIRS.

O'ER my head, e'en yet a boy,

Care has thrown an early snow—

Care, be gone!—a steady joy

Soothes the heart that beats below,

Thus, tho' Alpine tops retain

Endless winter's hoary wreath;

Vines, and fields of golden grain,

Cheer the happy fons beneath.

B A G A T E L L E.

EVERY hour a pleasure dies---

What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?

He, that wishes to be wise,

Lives to-day, and mocks to-morrow,

On the BIRTH-DAY of Miss S. C.

I.

EXULTING on the balmy gale,

When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,

The Rose-bud all with rapture hail,

Sweet glory of the loveliest thorn!

Each day refines the rich perfume---

Glad Flora smiles---The zephyr blows---

While op'ning with a gradual bloom

The favourite ripens to a Rose.

II. Thus

II.

Thus in our Susan's shape and face,
 Respondent to her angel soul,
 The growth of each attractive grace
 We mark, as annual circles roll,
 Advance, ye years!---And ev'ry charm,
 Which Venus boasts, shall sure be given;
 While fostering Friendship joys to form
 Her mind, the fairest work of Heaven.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by hearing that a Gentleman at the
HOTWELL, BRISTOL, had written Satirical
Verses on a LADY. 1779.

FOR nobler purposes design'd
Than puny war to wage,
What cause can sink a hero's mind
To worse than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouse the soul
To dip the ranc'rous quill?
How justify th' invenom'd scroll
One female fame to kill?

If

If frailty aims the slight offence,
What man perceives the smart?

O! let not bravery and sense
Return the feeble dart.

O'er the soft sex love gladly throws
Its adamant shield,

And few are ever known their foes,
Or try th' inglorious field,

Thus on the form of Beauty's queen

One only Greek was found,

Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
Who dar'd inflict a wound.

OSSA QUIETA, PRECOR, TUTA REQUIESCERE IN URNA,
ET SIT HUMUS, CINERI, NON ONEROSA, TUO.

Ovid.

THE END.

